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YOU SUPPORT LYCEUM COURSE !!

First Announcement of Lyceum Course

The Best Numbers in
Twenty-five Years

Hope College is again fortunate in securing a winter Lyceum Course of such high calibre as that which will be inaugurated on the evening of October 3, when Mr. Bruno Steindel, America's greatest cellist, will appear at Carnegie, with Isidor Berger, Violinist, Alexander Asler, Pianist, and Miss Olga Dorper, Grand Opera Soprano. The course will consist of five big events including the Cotteners Saturday Night Company in "Bonnie Briar Bush," and Hugh Edwards, eminent British Orator, and Biographer of Lloyd George. Dr. Nykerk has been congratulated by many patrons on obtaining such an excellent course, which promises to be the best in twenty-five years of Lyceum history. No student can afford to miss these truly wonderful numbers which are offered at so low a rate. "Stand by the true and tried" is our motto. The hearty co-operation of the student body will make 1929-30 the biggest year of all. Season tickets are for sale at Huisenga's Jewelry Store on 8th Street. Get yours now and reserve a good seat.

Girls Glee Club Elects Officers

The Girls' Glee Club held their annual election last Monday with the following result: President, Mildred De Pree; Treasurer, Rose Whalen, Secretary and Business Manager, Myra Ten Cate. The Glee Club looks forward with keen anticipation to the expected tour of Iowa in the spring. All girls who have singing voices are urged to try out.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE WORLD

Representatives of Arabia and Japan are among our newly enrolled foreign students. From Japan comes Miss Funai Watanabe, who is planning to take work in the new department of Religious Education. Miss Watanabe has for the last fifteen years held a position in the Ferris Seminary of Japan where she taught English and Bible. She has been allowed two years in which to become acquainted with American modes of Education. Mr. Ito, a graduate of the Steele Academy, also comes here directly from Japan. Many of us remember Setsuko Matsenabu, who came here last spring and who is now finishing her preparatory work. From Arabia comes Nijib Toonian, a graduate of the American Mission at Busrah who was enrolled in the Science Department previous to his work in Electrical Engineering. With him is Abe Norman, who is particularly interested in Agriculture. Another of their fellow students is expected in two or three weeks.

DICKENSIANS DISBAND

The unusually low enrollment this year has forced the Dickensians Society to disband, perhaps permanently. Their action was taken because they felt that the size of the student body did not permit five men's societies to flourish. The field was overcrowded. Possibly at a later date the Dickensians men will feel as if the exigencies of circumstances will permit their rebanding.

CLASS ELECTIONS

Junior Class—
President, Bob McGilvra.
Vice-President, Clarence Becker.
Secretary, Josephine Rodenburg.
Treasurers, Olga Bender, Ben Ver Meer.
Council Members: Marian De Kuiper, Paul Brouwer.
Sophomore Class—
President, Tom Beaver.
Vice-President, Louis Damstra.
Secretary, Iva Clerk.
Treasurer, Genevieve Dogger.
Council Members: Lois Marsilje, Ivan Johnson.

Mayor E. C. Brooks Donates to Library

NEW LIBRARIAN

The Hope College Library is the happy recipient of a number of new books which come as a gift from Mr. Ernest C. Brooks, a former faculty member and who is now mayor of this city. Among these are a number of Economics books, a five volume Life of Washington, a Life of Beecher, and several novels. The students and librarians are very appreciative of this gift.

The new Reading Room which occupies the main floor of Winants Chapel is now ready for use. Since so many improvements have been made in studying facilities, it is expected that each student will co-operate to maintain silence.

Miss Agnes Tysse, a graduate of the class of 1928, has been appointed assistant librarian.

MEET DR. GRAY

Magazine Writer of National
Fame — Lover and Poet of
Nature

One of the most interesting new figures on our campus is the professor with the twinkle in his eye — Dr. Gray. He comes to us from Kenka College where he was professor of English literature last year.

A graduate of Columbia University, he has done graduate work at Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and the British Museum. For a period of ten years he was an instructor and assistant professor of English at the University of Rochester. The nine years previous to the War he served as head of the department of English in the State University of Maine. Elmira College, too, has known him as a professor of English.

A writer of note, he is the author of "The Life of George Edward Woodbury." In the Educational Review was published his article, "English and the Foreign Languages." The English Journal appeared with his "Coordination of English with Other Subjects." In conjunction with Herbert Bates, Dr. Gray produced a little book entitled "Analysis of the English Sentence." He has made a translation of "Beowulf," and his "Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks" was published by the Harvard and Oxford University presses.

Now Dr. Gray is deeply engaged in working on his new book of folksongs and ballads of New York State. This summer was spent in research, particularly in the Adirondack mountain region. He has traveled extensively in the eastern section from Glens Falls through Lake George, North River, Saranac, Lake Placid and back. The Indian Lake region is being done by one of his former students from Kenka College. Dr. Gray camped with the river drivers on the Hudson, ate with lumberjacks, slept on the ground and roughed it generally. Evenings were spent around the camp fire, discussing ballads and folk songs. The French Canadian lads sang for him their native ballads and from them he gained much valuable information. From an old Irish town singer he got many ballads which have never before been printed. Many of these ballads are Indian legends, tragedies of the lumberjack, all dealing with elemental experiences and virtues tragically romantic.

Although occupied in research and writing, Dr. Gray's prime interest lies in teaching. He endeavors always in teaching English literature to connect it with life. It is his desire to keep in close contact with the students and wishes to become intimately acquainted with them.

He is fond of sports, especially tennis, swimming, mountain climbing, and golf, with reservations.

Now he has come to Hope to take the place of Prof. Irwin Lubbers and with keenest anticipation the students welcome him.

Love makes the world go 'round. So does alcohol.—A. N. Observer

PAUL J. BROUWER BECOMES MANAGING EDITOR OF ANCHOR

For the next six weeks the responsibility for the production of The Anchor will fall upon Paul J. Brouwer of the Junior class, who accedes to the newly-created position of Managing Editor. Mr. Brouwer is to have complete charge of the paper, except for the determining of the policy, during this period. Directly succeeding Mr.



PAUL J. BROUWER

Brouwer, Gordon Van Ark will produce seven issues as Managing Editor.

Brouwer and Van Ark are logical candidates for the position of Editor-in-Chief, when the election will be held in January. It is believed that in thus permitting each of them to have a hand in producing the paper under the old regime, he will be better fitted to take over the job upon his election. It is also believed that in thus permitting each of them to produce the paper over an extended period of time the Student Body will be in a better position to judge the relative merits of each, when the time for balloting comes.

Mass Meeting Starts Fracas

The first big event of the year, which started the rivalry between the Frosh and the Sophs, was the mass meeting held at the gym Monday night. The entire student body turned out for the affair and fully enjoyed it.

The president of the Student Council, Marvin Meengs, presided over the meeting. He tried several times to begin the program but was interrupted by enthusiastic applause of the Sophs. Finally Russell Smith "stepped out" with several popular tunes and was very favorably received by the student body; especially the Frosh. Seems as if the Freshmen were all his friends and the way Poling waved at him made one think he really knew him rather intimately.

Next came a sketch entitled "Spirits from Two Worlds," with Lois De Wolf and Betty Smith, who cleverly presented the "Spirits." It was followed by several yells with Harold Hoffman as leader. The Frosh rules were then read by the president. One of the rules which forbade the Freshmen to appear on the streets after 10:30 p.m. caused a great deal of sarcastic laughter from the Frosh, which looks as though the rule might be broken. Then Tom Beaver the Soph representative demonstrated on Ed. Damson just how the Freshmen were to wear their pots and ties while Iva Clerk tied a very pretty bow around the neck of Helen Johnson. At this point the Frosh broke forth in yells and showed their peppy class spirit. The meeting was closed with the Hope song and then the fun began!

The Freshmen rushed out in a body and started a search for the Sophs going down 9th st. to College ave. and then up 10th when they were greeted by a volley of rather odoriferous tomatoes. A struggle began between the two classes

(Continued on page 2)

Eva Tysse Secures Fellowship at U. of T.

CAN HAVE M.A., Ph.D., M.D. IN SIX YEARS

Miss Eva Tysse, graduated last June, has secured the enviable fellowship in science from the University of Tennessee. It consists of research work and laboratory instructing in physiology, and pays \$700 the first year, with a \$300 increase for four years. Although Miss Tysse intended to enter Rush Medical School this fall, this unusual opportunity changed her school, but not her purpose. In four year's time she can win an M.A. and a Ph.D. degree, and in two more her M.D. Such a fellowship as this adds one more laurel to Eva's long list, and deepens our conviction that our science department is turning out real students. Congratulations to our former editor-in-chief!

1929 ENROLLMENT IS VERY SMALL

As yet, there are no exact figures to be given concerning the enrollment in Hope College. However, the number of students this year will be less than the number enrolled last year. The entire student body will approximate four hundred students. The only class statistics available are those of the Freshman class, which will number about one hundred and fifteen.

Dr. Nykerk Continues Dictionary Work

The preliminary work for the dictionary is completed, so Dr. Nykerk said in recent interview. He is reporting now on early 16th century English literature, including Richard Barnfield (poems), 1594-1598, and autobiography of Sir John Branston, K.B., 1611.

Dr. Nykerk explains that he is working with the University of Chicago, U. of Mich., and U. of Oxford on an enterprise, the purpose of which is to make a complementary volume to the great Oxford English dictionary, ably brought to consummation by Doctors Murry and Craigie of Oxford.

Dr. Nykerk is one of the readers to find words with definitions not found in the Oxford dictionary, and to indicate the early use in distinction from present day usage in such words as have not become obsolete. The work through summer was very enjoyable our "Doctor" says, and included numerous pleasant interruptions by visitors from Main to California, coming to inspect the beautiful new chapel and hear the grand pipe organ.

Dr. Nykerk's work will yet take two years, averaging one hour a day.

FRESHMEN! SOPHOMORES! Pull Sept. 27

Frosh! Next Friday, September 27, is your chance. The day on which you can gain a step on the sophomores. That is the day of the annual "Pull."

For the last fifteen or twenty years it has been the custom to have the "Pull" between the two lower classes as a climax to a week of struggles between them. In the past the sophomores have, as a rule, won. This is generally attributed to the fact that they have the advantage of a year's experience. But there is always the chance for an upset and that is what keeps the interest at a very high point.

Next Friday, September 27, on the banks of Black River, the frosh on the north bank and the sophomores on the south bank, the pull will take place. Picked members of the junior and senior classes will act as coaches. Let's not let this event drag in interest this year. Let's keep it up to the standard of former years. The freshmen and sophomores can help do this by getting at least twenty-five or thirty men out to practice.

Wilson's life summarized: "Fifty-four years he spent in preparation, ten in living, three in dying."

OPENING ADDRESS GIVEN BY DR. BUSH

The "Dawn of Youth" Predicts Dr. Bush.

Dr. Benjamin J. Bush, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church of Detroit, and a graduate of Hope of the Class of 1906, was the gifted speaker at the opening chapel service Wednesday morning. His address, "Dawn," was one of the finest it has been the privilege of Hope students to hear. It was an address for youth, arousing their hopes and ambitions in a grand eulogy of the eternal spirit of energy. Dr. Bush stated, and proved by convincing instances from ancient and modern history, that the greatest opportunities are today presented to the young people of the world, and that many of our most honored great have achieved their highest success while still comparatively young. He declared that energy is genius, and that to make the most of our lives, we must accomplish before the precious energy is lost forever. Youth demands a youthful religion, which they find in the teachings of Christ, the only YOUNG Man among scores of founders of religions.

The address was permeated with appropriate quotations from the world's best literature, giving us some idea of the extensiveness of Dr. Bush's knowledge and reading. His audience was especially moved by those from Sidney Lanier's "The Crystal Christ," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

All in all, the address was a wonderful example of oratory, and imparted to the student body a fine inspiration for the school year which it inaugurated.

MEET MR. SPRAGUE

Biographer of William Dean Howells, Stamp Collector, Golf Fan, Characterizes the New English Professor

A new and smiling countenance now graces Hope campus. This genial personage is DeWitt Clinton Sprague, M.A., literature instructor. Mr. Sprague is a native Missourian, although his education was pursued in Des Moines and Grinnell College.

For twenty years Mr. Sprague has been teaching. One year after his graduation from Grinnell he was made a faculty member of that college, while doing graduate work there. Since, he has been doing like work at Chicago, Minnesota and Iowa Universities. At the University of Iowa he was granted his M.A. At present Mr. Sprague is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary society.

During the World War days Mr. Sprague was honored when requested to compile the biography of William Dean Howells, his literary associate. This work has since been printed with other like short biographies by various authors, into a book called "Famous Living Americans" and edited by the editors of "Who's Who." Howells was at that time one of America's most outstanding men of letters, having been editor of "Atlantic Monthly" and "Harper's Monthly." Later Prof. Sprague was associated with the writing of "The Study of a Novel," a text book.

Professor Sprague has long felt interest in school publications and has edited and contributed to several. While in Iowa he edited the "Tanager."

Although Mr. Sprague is a most busy individual, he finds time to enjoy hobbies. Since boyhood he has collected stamps and still does find pleasure in that pastime. He has now taken special interest in the collection of air mail letter covers. Among his accumulation he has envelopes which have circled the globe in the "Graf," one which sailed with Lindbergh to Mexico City on the first air mail flight to Mexico, another that air-mailed its way to Cuba and returned, another to Bermuda.

Since 1898 Mr. Sprague has been a golf fan. While in Des Moines he was golf coach at the high school. Now Hopeites are privileged to enjoy this smiling, cheerful gentleman of literary fame as he teaches upon the campus.

Noted Violinist and Greatest 'Cellist To Come to Holland

College Lyceum Course better than ever. Think of the first number with America's greatest cellist, Brum Steindel, Chicago's finest violinist, Isador Berger, an excellent pianist, Alexander Aster, and some grand Opera singer. This marvelous



ensemble will appear at Carnegie Hall the evening of October 3rd.

The other events will include the delightful Scottish Musical Comedy Co. which appeared in Burns' "Cotteners Saturday Night." The company this year will give "The Bonnie Briar Bush." This comedy is side-splitting.

A novel entertainment will be furnished by Nellie Verne Walker in her notable lecture-demonstration, "A Sculptors Studio."

Other events will be announced later.

PICKLES AND BUGS

Imagine a modern collegiate young man somewhere all by his lonesome — can you? Then picture him seated on a stool in a little yellow station house sorting the famous 57 varieties, crooks, nubs — and what were the other technical terms? Yet that is just what several of our Hope boys have been doing this summer. Chet Meengs, George Fell and several others, although they did give the impression the first day of school that they "just rolled in on a load of pickles" seem none the worse for their experience, although the coeds sincerely hope that they won't have their girlish figures classified into crooks, nubs, or apple-tree contours.

Don Wade for one says he likes the "buggy" jobs better. He says he likes jobs nearer home. — Wonder just how near his bugs were? Although he caught only seven all summer, he figures his time was profitably spent — who wouldn't? His however were Japanese bugs.

Reception Really Very Different

BIG CROWD ATTENDS

Last night the student body was entertained at the Cafe de Hope, Carnegie Gym, the College Campus. And of all the things into which Carnegie Hall has been converted, never before has it reached so high into the realms of aristocratic society. But the host (Y.M.C.A.) and hostess (Y.W.C.A.) showed the Hopeites that stone walls do not a gymnasium make, nor ivory floors a cafe.

As each one entered the Cafe, he was given a menu which was supposed to be his guide, but which really kept him guessing throughout the evening. After a getting-acquainted period, all were asked to seat themselves—the girls on one side, fellows on the other side of the tables, which were arranged in U-shape, parallel to the balcony. And then the feast began.

The first course was soup: Len Hogenboom, president of the Y.M., introduced himself and spoke words of welcome to the men; then he introduced Miss Bernadine Siebers, president of the Y.W., who spoke a welcome to the young ladies; and then the master of ceremonies was presented. Chicken a la King came next, which was a piano solo by Miss Meyer, who rendered music fit for the palaces of (Continued on page 2)

THE ANCHOR

THE ANCHOR STAFF

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THINK THIS OVER

The first "How-Do-You-Do's" and "How-Are-You's" have now been appropriately exchanged. Schedules and courses have been hammered into shape, so that finally everybody is studying something. Most of us know by this time too just where we are supposed to be at a stated hour. The new co-eds have looked over the local enrollment of "eds" and have decided that much must be done to make them properly sociable young gentlemen. All these things being thus accomplished, there now arises the irksome little question of "What and How?" With the deck cleared for action, just where do we begin?

It is a subtle art — the giving of advice without creating offense. Few of us can do it, for it is our custom to be devastatingly frank with each other. But it is better said than kept silent, so permit us to caution new and old of the suddenness with which the first six weeks will pass. To the Freshmen it means the making or breaking of their whole college career, for instructors are only human, and they must naturally be influenced by the first impression they get of you. One failure — one low grade — and Farewell to Thee, Oh 'Cum Lauda!' Especially is this true of the more complicated courses, such as Science and History. Stay above water, and you'll never sink.

The main ailment of the Freshmen at the moment is the still strong "High School" spirit from which they are suffering. The social side of high school is its high spot. It is at college that "Learning for its own sake" becomes a motivating factor. Long assignments will be piled upon you, but for the best of reasons. Many people don't know just how hard they can work, and this isn't only true of those in the first year class. We have come here, paid our fee, and now we must take the treatment as prescribed by our "brain specialists."

Another matter that should interest new students is their participation in outside activities. Athletes report at the gridiron, and don't be afraid to be the first one there. Vocalists will find a great share of their college career waiting for them in Hope's Glee Clubs. Journalists must hunt out the "Anchor" staff, and be welcomed with great jubilation. So it goes, for we are now a self-involved social group, supporting our own paper and annual, our own teams, and our own Lyceum Course. If you are ever planning to be active, step right up and grab ahold. Remember, you are away from home now, and not many folks know your faults. Why not try to start a new reputation? Be so unusually ideal that when the folks come to visit they'll ask to have you identified.

THE "AULD" AND NEW

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot, and Never Brought to Mind?" Over the air came the old song Tuesday night and again the following morning as students hurried or sauntered to the first chapel service in Hope's New Memorial Chapel. Did you hear it from the chapel tower? That little bit of quaint old sentiment was only one of the many contributions our new chapel is offering us daily.

We have spent our first week of chapel worship in the new building. To us who have been looking forward to this time through our college years, it has been a lonely, long awaited dream and inspiration. To those new on our campus, it can have been no less impressive. We who are old here look back to the times when the first ground was broken, when the cornerstone was laid, when we watched the walls go just a little higher day by day, when we first went inside a year ago, and when, last spring, building and organ were dedicated.

And now we glory in its beauty, its beautiful music from tower and organ, its new rooms, its majestic profile, ever changing in beauty with the changing skies. And how can we help but appreciate the dreamer of the dream, its executor, those whose giving made it possible, and the favoring Fate that allowed us to watch it grow and materialize?

We love the Old, mellowed and hallowed with memories and associations — and yet the New is gloriously beautiful.



Hey! Hey! fellow Hopites! Wee geets? Are you all set for a big year? Good. Now that you're all settled just sit down and try to enjoy this poor attempt at a humor column. Make this column your personal doctor when you are afflicted with melancholia; and perchance you have been sunburned on your vacation or tanned on your weekend, forget it—let's make whoopee!

I hardly know just how to start this monkey business so that I can raise a smile to the surface of your fair countenances—but here goes.

A rather funny thing happened only this morning. It seems the city ambulance surgeon called on the city ambulance surgeon at 7 o'clock this morning to treat a man who smashed a nose after practically demolishing his car by ramming it in the rear end while in a drowsy condition after driving all night from Chicago in broad daylight on Eighth Street.

The surgeon asked the patient this noon how his broken ribs felt. "Fine, doctor, fine," he replied, "but I have a terrible stitch in my side."

"Good," said Doc, "that shows the bones are knitting."

Here's Banty's specialty: Banty had a Billie Goat That made folks flit and flutter He was not much on milk or cream Yet made a classy butter.

Meet the spare-rib guy. "Which do you like better, balloon tires or high pressure tires?" "I like balloon tires better." "What kind of a car do you drive?" "I don't have any—I'm a pedestrian."

You know, I've found that the more we see of girls, the more we believe in clothes.

He—"When I dance with you, I feel as though I were treading on clouds!"

She—"Don't kid yourself; those are my feet."

Ladies, listen: Eve took to wearing clothes in the fall—

This is what I heard two Freshman girls saying. Believe it or not. "And after he kissed you five times, then what?"

"Oh, then he began to get sentimental."

"Something I ate, no doubt," murmured the circus fire-eater, as he suffered a slight touch of heartburn.

He—"My heart flames like a blazing fire."

She—"Oh! don't be a fuel."

She—"I would like to get into the movies."

Producer: "Well! Well! Sit right down and take off your things."

"Saved by the bell," sighed the heavyweight as he walked out of class.

"What's your idea of rigid economy?"

"My idea of it is a dead Scotchman."

And with that I must sign off. Be nice boys and girls and I'll tell you a bedtime story next week.

MEET PROF. RITTER MEET MISS FULMER

Sailor, Student and Flautist Now Working on Thesis for Doctorate.

We take great pleasure in welcoming Mr. Decker Ritter, professor of English and Education, to the Hope College Campus. Pennsylvania is Mr. Ritter's native state. He was born in Harrisburg, Pa., and spent quite a few years of his boyhood in the city of Philadelphia.

At the outset of the World War, Mr. Ritter enlisted in the U. S. Navy. He served on board President Wilson's yacht, "The Mayflower," and then served for several years on a submarine chaser, patrolling the dangerous waters of the North Sea.

In 1920 Professor Ritter entered the freshman class at New York University and in 1924 he received his B.A. degree. After studying at Columbia and New York University, he received his M.A. degree. At present Mr. Ritter is at work upon his thesis for the doctor's degree. The subject of the thesis is, "The Tudor and the Stewart Periods of English Rhetoric," a dry sounding subject but nevertheless a most interesting one.

Last year Mr. Ritter completed his residence work at Northwestern during which time he acted as assistant professor of English and Education. These are the subjects he shall teach at Hope.

Mr. Ritter's hobbies are many and varied. While he was at college, he played baseball and tennis, tennis still being his favorite sport. Public speaking and debating have claimed a great deal of his attention and for some time he acted as a debating coach. While he was attending N.Y. U., Mr. Ritter joined the N.Y. U. Philosophical Society and is now actively interested in the change of philosophical thought. Mr. Ritter has studied intensively in Milton and has become a great lover of the poet of Cromwell's time. Music has its charms also for our new professor, and for his enjoyment and consolation, he plays both the flute, with its wild, enchanting and luring music and the clarinet, with its soft dulcet tones.

To Serve As An Instructor in English and As Assistant to Dean of Women

Miss La Vada G. Fulmer is to take the place of Miss Gibson on our faculty. Miss Fulmer is to be a professor for both Freshman and Sophomore classes and is the assistant Dean of Women at Voorhees Hall. She has done departmental work at West Moreland Public School in Moreland County, Pennsylvania. She received her Master's Degree at Grove City College, Pa., in 1928, and has done work toward her Ph. D. In 1925 Miss Fulmer graduated from the West Pennsylvania Classical and Scientific Institute and in 1926 took Post Graduate work there. This work was done in the study of the violin exclusively. She has also taken special work at the University of Pittsburgh and was a professor of English at Findley College, Ohio, and Principal of the Academy there.

Miss Fulmer has been interested in journalism for quite some time and has done work along that line. She has had some of her work published and still retains an interest in that field. Perhaps we shall hear more from our new professor in the future. Let us hope that Miss Fulmer will make her home at Hope and her stay a lengthy one.

Big Plans for Year

The Y.M.C.A. started its annual program with a bang, as it met last evening in conjunction with the Y.W.C.A. at Carnegie gym. It is certain that all the fellows who enjoyed the menu last night will want to attend the second meeting of the Y.M. to taste the President's spread. This meeting will very likely be held Oct. 1. On Oct. 8 the Y.M. meeting will be in charge of the Frosh fellows. The leader of this meeting has not yet been booked.

The President and his cabinet, with the help of the other members of the organization, intend to supply as many Sunday Schools as possible; and it is also their intention to carry on much Gospel Team work.

He who is guided by his genius, who thinks for himself, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright.

—Arthur Schopenhauer

Most people don't think; they just rearrange their prejudices.

A man who lives only for himself has not begun to live—he has yet to learn his use and his real pleasure, too, in the world.



Hello everybody! Seems good to be back at school again, doesn't it? We hope that you've all made good resolutions to do such things as—hard study, forexample.

At the very beginning we desire to announce that it will again be the policy of this column to accept whatever contributions that are contributed. If you see or hear anything that would be interesting, let us know about it. Our office hours are from ten forty-five until a quarter to eleven.

No excuse for chapel tardiness for anyone living south of school now that the chapel has been moved a block to the southward. However, there is another side to this, too. Voorheesites doubtless find it necessary to start out about five minutes earlier. Good way to get in that early morning hike.

Once more the campus has taken on a verdant hue. The Freshmen are here tra la. The best way to encourage the poor children is to tell them that the greenness will wear off in time.

How is this for luck? A certain freshman of the female gender neglected to put her name on her trunk when she started out for Hope. When she wanted to claim her property at the station she was forced to give a detailed description of the contents before the trunk was given to her. Oh yes, live and learn.

After a week of trunk dodging and unpacking and getting settled, Voorheesites are really living quite comfortably again.

We hate to frighten the poor Frosh but—the river is very high this year. A word to the wise is sufficient. Don't get pulled through, Frosh! That is, if you can help it.

Harry Friesma returned this fall in the company of a new Ford. We understand that Harry is operating a taxi line between the campus and the Cosmos house.

Now that two more of the men's societies have houses, the rooming houses of the city are in danger of going out of business.

Very few dates on the campus last week. Yes, yes, rushing certainly does take up a man's time.

Mr. Welmer's office certainly has been a popular place these last few weeks. It's a great life—trying to get a schedule straightened out.

How do you like the new library? It surely is a great improvement over the old one, isn't it? It seems strange not to have seats in the old chapel anymore.

Summer jobs certainly are great inventions aren't they? But they are a great help in bettering one's financial condition. So why complain?

Harriet Schurman, Anne De Young, and Anna Mae Engelsman didn't have enough school last June so they attended summer school. Harriet studied at the University of Michigan, and Anne and Anna Mae went to Wheaton College. They all say that they're glad to be back at Hope once more.

Voorhees experienced its first serenade of the year last week when the Fraters sang for the girls. The girls all say "come again."

Only so much do I know as I have lived.—Emerson

Life lies behind us as the quarry from which we get tiles and copesstones for the masonry of today.

Emerson, the American Scholar

Mass Meeting Starts Fracas

(Continued from Page 1)

which resulted in the injury of Friesma. His leg was badly twisted and he was sent home; thus slightly calming the fighters who then united in a body and started for the fish pond. Reo Marcotte was the one and only student to honor (?) the fishes with a visit. Since none of the Sophs were anywhere to be seen the Freshmen started out again in search of them downtown. Just as we were beginning to feel that the Sophs had deserted the field; and while the Frosh were parading past the Tavern demanding the Sophs; a car filled with Sophomores passed the Freshmen unseen and then came back and passed them again. But this time one of the Freshmen had lagged behind his classmates and he was quickly snatched up in the car and taken for a ride before any of the Freshmen could understand what was happening. This was just one of the several pick-ups done by the Sophomores.

We certainly have a fine bunch of peppy Freshmen, and if the Sophomores don't watch out they're going to be licked!

Have You Heard—

Tariff Bill

Rumblings of Discontent from West

The tariff bill at present engrosses the country's political attention. Little else is being debated in Congress at the present time, and there is much discussion everywhere else. Now the bill is in the Senate, and it will be sent to the House to be voted upon as soon as the Senate has voted on it.

The House, at present unconvened, will reassemble October 14th, it was stated orally by Speaker Representative Longworth of Ohio. Speaker Longworth said that he would prefer not to discuss the tariff situation at all until the pending bill comes back from the Senate. He said that he had talked with several members of the Senate and ascertained the situation.

No business will be transacted by the House from the time it perfunctorily reconvenes, September 23, till October 14. Then it will be prepared to consider the tariff whenever that measure has been voted on by the Senate. The Committee on Appropriations will then be organized to consider the annual supply bills. Chairman of the Committee, Rep. Wood says that he sees no prospect of reducing the average of annual appropriations now running close to the \$5,000,000,000 mark. Six cases of contested elections of Representatives will also be taken up at that time.

A meeting of the far-Western Senators was held Sept. 17 in the office of Sen. McNary of Oregon; held (according to one of those present) for the purpose of reaching an understanding "among those who felt that their constituencies as well as other parts of the country should be considered in writing a tariff bill." One of the group said that the bill "cannot pass as it is written," and others openly stated that they would vote against it. A second meeting of the far-Western Senators opposed to the tariff bill as it is now written is scheduled for September 19.

The Senate is continuing the debate, with the single positive action of striking out the amendment interpreting the plant quarantine act of 1912, which restricted the Sec. of Agriculture in prohibiting the entry of diseased or pest-infected plants. In discussion of this question, Senator Fletcher said, "It is a very dangerous proposal." He read a letter he had received from the Dept. of Agriculture, saying the amendment is "highly objectionable" and would "open the bars" to general entry of plant pests. It would necessitate Federal and State inspectors at every port, he said.

The big point against the tariff is the injury to the farmers. Senator McKellar of Tennessee (Dem.) declared that "about the only thing the farmer will get from the bill is the privilege of buying his diamonds duty-free . . . and he gets his platinum free of any duty!" He pursued this argument, comparing the increase in duty on necessities with decreases in what he described as "absolute needs of the farmer," such as pearls, diamonds, and chestnuts.

The farmer pays more for the steel and iron that goes into his plows, beams and girders for his barns, farming implements and machinery, wagons, etc. "All that is compensated for, however," said Sen. McKellar, "when the farmer learns that he is getting his rock crystal from Brazil, known as Brazilian pebble, free of duty. How good the Republican party is to the farmer!"

There is a total of 19 Senators prepared to combine in obtaining certain changes in the tariff bill, 13 of the majority, and 6 of the minority parties. Senator Borah, in particular, states that Agriculture has not been given protection equal to that of Industry.

Reception Very Different

(Continued from Page 6)

a king. Pop and pretzels ensued—and the guests were hoodwinked, for they were served with the same. Freshman De Wint gave a chop suey mixture of readings. For hot rolls Don Hicks played several popular numbers on his accordion. Relish was provided in a duet by the Misses Gladys Huizinga and Evelyn Albers. A phantom sweetheart comedy, played by William Kuyper and Myron Leenhouts, was the nuts. Professor Paul E. Hinkamp supplied the mints, a short talk on the Spirit of Hope. Last came a very dainty lunch—the dessert.

The program was carried on in cabaret fashion, i.e., the entertainers entertained in the midst of the tables.

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ASSOCIATION UNION ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Association Union had planned to entertain the Freshmen at a beach party last week, but because of the extremely low temperature it was thought advisable to put the plans in the strong box. Also, the Andaste disaster helped to discourage the outing, for the committee feared that the ghastly bodies which were coming ashore now and then, plus the chill of the evening air, would result not only in frozen hopes, but also frozen Hopeites.

The Union is making an effort to have Prayer Week during November of this year, whereas in past times this special week has been placed either in the late winter or early spring. The main speaker for the week has not been decided upon.

"All College" Banquet
 It is the desire of the Association to enter upon the College Calendar an "All College Banquet." If plans go through, this affair will perhaps be staged sometime between Thanksgiving and Christmas. The fee for this banquet will be so low that every student will be able to afford a ticket. And it is hoped that this get-together will aid in joining all Hopeites into a huge family—and an ideal family.

Hope Hi News

The H. S. began the new term last Wednesday by meeting with the college in the Memorial Chapel, as they will continue to do throughout the year.

A substantial increase in enrollment is shown over that of last year. The Freshman class is almost double the size of that of the previous term, while the Junior Class has an increase of eight students.

We welcome this fall two students from Japan, and also two former students, Miss Julia Hoeve and Miss Alberta Kingsman, who are back to resume their studies after several years' absence.

There has been no change in the faculty. However, the English Department has been taken over entirely by Mr. De Groof, while Miss Dykhuizen has complete charge of the History Department.

AN INVITATION

The new students are invited to attend the Meliphone meeting Thursday evening.

Because of new conditions, we have a faculty advisor this year. Mr. Walters, an ex-Meliphonian, has been chosen by the society to fill the position, and we are glad to say that he has readily accepted.

"SPERA TU IN DEO"

(This poem was written by Dr. Henry E. Dosker, of the class of 1876, in honor of the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of Hope College, and was read at the Celebration Exercises, June 16, 1916.)

Our voices we raise in a Jubilee song.
 Our feet are treading the lofty height
 Of the mountain-top of pure delight,
 Where the curtain of time is rolled away,
 Where the mist-wrapped past and the bright today
 Before our vision are swept along.
 The past is the present, the present the past;
 They are linked together by bands of steel,
 They bear the mark of the selfsame seal,
 A motto, which long as the ages will last—
"Spera tu in Deo."

A turmoil I see and a menace of blood.
 Our fathers are treading the gory way,
 That leads to the light of liberty's day.
 They're struggling and dying as they fall,
 Man, matron and maid, death grips them all.
 But living or dying, they're breasting the flood.
 They're gaining, they conquer, their warfare is o'er,
 The struggle is ended, the victory won,
 The life of a Church-born State has begun.
 And angels are hymning, as upward they soar—
"Spera tu in Deo."

A nation dishonored and broken I see.
 The faith of the fathers is burning low;
 The Church is crushed by blow upon blow:
 And, shame of shames, the faithful few,
 Who're struggling to build God's house anew,
 Are outraged and outlawed by royal decree.
 The past in the present is living again.
 But, buoyed by their faith, they are able to spy
 A motto of hope on so lowering a sky,
 Whose bright, golden letters will ever remain—
"Spera tu in Deo."

From the thrall of man and the guiled rod,
 They sought surcease on the boundless sea.
 They're free at last, forever free!
 Blow fair, ye winds, lie low, ye storms,
 The ark of Hope rests in your arms,
 You're carrying out the plans of God.
 And the surging sea and the souging breeze
 Are steadily bearing the pilgrims West.
 A new world clasps them to its breast;
 A new life bids their sorrows cease.
"Spera tu in Deo."

A wilderness grim, untouched by man;
 A forest primeval, forbidding, still;
 An army of giants to work their will
 On the pigmies, who dared them in their might,
 Whose blows fall weakly as they smite,
 When rashly into the fray they ran.
 What courage rare inspires such zeal,
 Such will to dare, such power to do?
 What fires their hearts, as on they go?
 'Tis the voice of old, their battle peal—
"Spera tu in Deo."

And slowly the army is pressing along,
 And singly the giants topple and fall,
 As cheerily rings the woodsman's call.
 The brawl has taken its toll of life,
 A harvest of death has followed the strife,
 But the remnant are raising the victor's song.
 Lo, temples of God are dotting the plain!
 And true to the heritage of the past,
 They think of their children first, not last;
 And Church and school send out the refrain—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to the chief, whose eagle eye
 Could scan in the thick and the murk of the strife,
 Distant horizon, a bigness of life,
 With omens for good or for evil filled.
 His heart with the dread of danger chilled,
 And his was the thought of the remedy.
 A beacon of light must be lifted on high.
 A hunger to know and to see and to serve
 Must fill every bosom and thrill every nerve,
 And every soul must re-echo the cry—
"Spera tu in Deo."

A forest-girt college sprang up in the wood,
 A weakly, preposterous, poor affair.
 Nor were the Sanballats lacking there,
 Who scoffed, derided, blustered and sneered,
 As slowly the building of Hope was reared,
 Whilst far apart from the builders they stood.
 But trusting in God, their hands were not stayed,
 And tier upon tier the walls arose.
 Unshaken, their faith and their calm repose,
 Their motto still ringing, as ever they prayed,
"Spera tu in Deo."
 (Continued on page 4)

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"SPERA TU IN DEO"

(Continued from page 3)

All hail to the shades of the leaders of yore!
Our Taylor, Van Vleck, Van Raalte's right hand.
Our Phelps, prophet, dreamer and gentleman grand,
Invincible optimist, weakness made strong,
Whose note of acclaim we accent and prolong.
And those, who with him the unbearable bore—
Our Scott and our Mandeville, trying in vain
To pilot the water logged, wallowing ship
Which daily seemed near the fatal dip;
Yet striving and shouting with might and main—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to our Moses, our saviour, our friend,
Scarce used to his grave 'mid the vernal green,
Whose spirit looks down on this festive scene
Our Kollen, whose fertile and restless brain
Refounded our Hope and lifted amain
The burden, 'neath which her shoulders were bent.
A garland of roses we place on thy grave;
Hope ne'er can repay thee the debt she owes;
The motto grand, which the fathers chose,
Thou'st deeply cut in our architrave—
"Spera tu in Deo."

The beacon-light threw its beams afar
And hundreds by its rays were drawn.
It spelled brain's victory over brawn.
A holy fire began to blaze,
And many a youth, with ardent gaze,
Beheld the twinkling of this star.
It spread its blessing far and near.
Its name was known in every clime,
Its power grew with passing time,
And yet it holds its motto dear—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All eyes were turned to the forest shrine
And willing hearts their tribute paid,
As loving sacrifice was made.
New halls arose, like flowers full blown,
Where direst poverty once was known.
A brighter sun had begun to shine.
An end had come to our tears and pain,
Prayers had been answered, cries were heard,
And deeper and deeper our hearts were stirred,
As we listened to the sweet refrain—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to our prex, the man of today,
The heir of a rich and varied past,
On whom Elijah's mantle was cast.
Alumni, stand by him in the fight,
We're struggling upwards to the light,
And he is our leader in the way.
Alluring ideals are gleaming before,
A broad'ning horizon looms ahead,
We'll fight and follow as we're led,
Still pealing out the cry of yore—
"Spera tu in Deo."

Our oath we renew on this festal day,
To be true to the plans our fathers made,
In the gloomy light of the forest-shade;
To keep ever before us their noble aim
And ne'er on our altar, strange gods to acclaim
Or e'er bow the knee to idols of clay.
Our future and present must find in the past
The mighty dynamic of every move;
Then long as our school, the motto we love,
Sweet motto of hope and strength, will last—
"Spera tu in Deo."

Then raise your voice in a festive lay.
Now stand upon the lofty height
Of the mountain top of pure delight.
"Excelsior," let your motto be,
On this our day of Jubilee.
"Not yet attained" we cry today.
"Ad astra," but "per aspera."
We'll strive as if we never strove,
We'll lift the name of Hope above;
True to the light our fathers saw—
"Spera tu in Deo."



"Give Him One of Your Cards, Bob!"

Two men in a sedan and a farmer and his boy in a smaller car had stopped on a country road for a short discussion of business in general. The farmer and one of the men from town were old friends. The other was unknown to him.

"Give Mr. Hartley one of your cards, Bob," suggested the farmer's friend. "You ought to do some business with him before long."

Now, if Bob had presented his card to Mr. Hartley, there would be little of interest to us in the transaction. But Bob did not have a card to give him!

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